29 Feb 1932

The wireless people are:-

E.M.G. Gramophone.

11 Grafton Street
Shaftesbury Avenue

I think Eddy has one of their gramophones, which are far the best; & now we have added the wireless, also the best. Mention Mr. Woolf if you like.

V. W.

52 T.S. Wednesday 2 Mar 1932

I hope to catch the 5.38 tomorrow, &
will come up by the 6.15 bus:
arriving as far as I can see at 6.30.
I shall bring no clothes, & a
hot water bottle.

So no more till then.
Remember, I never drink wine at home;
& am more than glad to get up for
breakfast.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.68

March 5. 1932
(after staying the night here for the first time)

Friday afternoon. 2.[illegible] p.m.

Rota 2.4.63

Look Darat Ethel, I am sitting down at once to express my sense of gratitude — never have I enjoyed a chaste night more. Please live 50 years at least: for now I've formed this tiniest childish attachment — it can't but be a painful anatomy for ever — wanting Ethel. Pray, live, live. Let me fasten myself upon you, & fill my veins with charity & champagne. Of course I'll go & visit all my plots about Trinity — talking over the fire to Lady B. I shall meet Short of your conscience in the courts of Cambridge — never mind. Forgive

you the sin before you've committed it; &
you can't say I didn't warn you, can you?
ah working in the 3rd. class carriage -
ventures to that. Did you see the woman's
face when you volunteered advent ribbing in
the lavatory?

Well - here's an interruption: I'm
only scribbling, without fear that Exemplary
Economy of adjectives that you so
rightly admire, before I once more
draw the strip gang Case & plunge off
with it - to the wilds.

But these are the moments when one
should give thanks for - when one
feels cheered & warmed, & thanks
that it was Ethel who created
that happiness; So love another 50 years:
& don't please be knocked by my
terrible irregularities - my spasms of
one emotion after another - those sticks I
drive into my fingers. Heavens how I
admired your practical sense: typical
of so much: the taxi: the Dr: the pension: the
splendid out: mushrooms & champagne V.

NYPL

And let me know the cost of the taxi.

March 6. 1932

Sunday.

I...L. says just what I said about Peter Davies66--
hes a very good, exclusive publisher, who would
give great attention to a book like yours, which is
out of the common run. Therfore he advises youm
strongly to go to him. He gets up his books
extremely well into the bargain.

2....The Counts trial. Weve ne news of this;
nor do we know who is trying it. But the thing to
do would be to look in the law list in the paper
tomorrow. It is an appeal case, and the defendant
is Count Potocki de Montalk.

Just back from Romdell. V.

Og the chocolate came and is absolutely
delicious. What a good thing I made that joke!

8th March 1932

P.T.O

No dearest Ethel I dont think Friday can be managed, since L. is out; and I have to sit. But the EMG would let you hear a later model than ours. on Thursday

We go down to Ramspray ~~tomorrow~~, and may I suppose stay the night; but hope to be back late. No; its not the Lodge I'm staying at--its only with the Fellow of Kings, or rather at an Inn. And then we shall travel our books on the east coast for a day or two--back Tuesday or Wednesday--oh lor, how I'd like to ~~saty~~ stay here and write--too many people, too many people. Mrs Keppel tomorrow. Eddie just gone--enthusiastic and affectionate about you; in which I joined. about Coign too and the omfort of sat staying there

2 L. days a much better one

L. V.

2 he abused the Wares, & I abused Simpson

2. days he could be in by 6.30
on Friday I would be pleased to
play you Beethoven Opus. 31 no 3
if you could come punctual.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

52 Tavistock Sqr.

11th March. 1931

I feel no doubt wrongly, simply from your voice & what you say mysteriously about 'Diaghilev' that I have annoyed? — no, not annoyed, but perhaps hurt you? Well, I'm so blind & deaf psychologically, that I have to put them as to most people Contentieux, an Injection 3 & new, because I'm blind & deaf. I'm going to lay before you the reason of the misunderstanding, if there is one. I expect you to ridicule me, but I don't mind being ridiculed, if you understand, as there is always the chance that you will understand.

It was the party. I don't know why I have suffered more; yet why did I suffer? & what did I suffer? Humiliation: that I had been dragged to that awful Exhibition of insincerity & vanity against my will (I used to be dragged by my half-brothers against my will - hence perhaps my latent sense of outrage) & then, that you liked the party — you who are truthful, vehement. & Ethel likes this sort of thing" I said, Disillusion filled me: all belief fell off me. "And she has planned this, & worse still, subjected me to it. Gulfs uparate us." And I felt betrayed — I who have spoken to you so freely of all my weaknesses — I to whom the chatter & clatter in top of any art, music, lectures, which I don't understand, is an abomination. & then, the elderly butlers, beers, Champagne & sugared cakes! It seemed to me that you